

GEORGE BARNWELL.

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T R A G E D Y.

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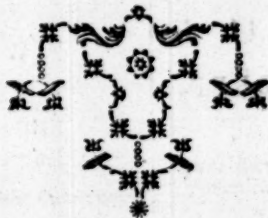
T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By Mr. L I L L O.

Learn to be wise by others harmes
And you shall do full well.
Conclusive stanza of OLD BALLAD of the Lady's Fall.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXVII.

PROLOGUE.

THE tragic muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distress'd, and scenes of royal woe;
In awful pomp, majestic, to relate
The fall of nations, or some hero's fate;
That scepter'd chiefs may, by example, know
The strange vicissitudes of things below;
What dangers on security attend;
How pride and cruelty in ruin end:
Hence, Providence supreme to know, and own
Humanity, adds glory to a throne.
In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue,
With native grandeur thus the goddess sung.
Upon our stage, indeed, with wish'd success,
You've sometimes seen her in an bungler dress;
Great only in distress, when she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,
The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,
The absent pomp with brighter gems supply.
Forgive us, then, if we attempt to show,
In artless strains, a tale of private woe.
A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old song that bears his name.
We hope your taste is not so high, to scorn
A moral tale esteem'd ere you were born;
Which, for a century of rolling years,
Has fill'd a thousand, thousand, eyes with tears.
If thoughtless youth to warn, and shame the age
From vice destructive, well becomes the stage;
If this example innocence insure,
Prevent our guilt, or by restitution cure;
If Millwood's dreadful crimes, and sad despair,
Commend the virtue of the good and fair;
Tho' art be wanting, and our numbers fail,
Indulge th' attempt, in justice to the tale.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER.

Spoken by MARIA.

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth
For whom my heart had board'd up its truth;
By all the laws of love and honour, now
I'm free again to chuse—and one of you.

*But soft—With caution first I'll round me peep:
Maids, in my case, should look before they leap.
Here's choice enough, of various sorts and hue,
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,
The fair spruce mercer, and the tawny Jew.*

*Suppose I search the sober gallery?—No;
There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all-a-row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make them so.*

[Pointing to the Boxes.

*'Tis very well, enjoy the jest:—But you,
Fine powder'd sparks—nay, I am told 'tis true,
Your bappy spouses—can make cuckolds too.*

*'Twixt you and them the difference this, perhaps:
The cit's ashamed whene'er his duck be traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your bats, and take no shame at all.*

*What if some favour'd poet I cou'd meet,
Whose love would lay his laurels at my feet.*

No—Painted passions real love abhors—

His flame wou'd prove the suit of creditors.

Not to detain you, then, with longer pause,

*In short, my heart to this conclusion draws—
I yield it to the band that's loudest in applause.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Thorowgood.
Barnwell, Uncle to George.
George Barnwell.
Trueman.
Blunt.

W O M E N.

Maria.
Millwood.
Lucy.

Officers with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen.

SCENE, London, and an adjacent Village.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Room in Thoroughgood's House.

Enter Thoroughgood and Trueman.

Tr. **S**IR, the packet from Genoa is arriv'd.

[Gives letters.]

Tho. Heaven be prais'd! The storm that threaten'd our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted. The haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow returns of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his propos'd invasion of our happy island. By this means time is gain'd to make such preparations on our part, as may, heav'n concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

Tr. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned. Sir, may I know by what means.—If I am too bold—

Tho. Your curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may, with honest scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Tr. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Tho. You compliment young man. [Trueman bows respectfully.] Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity.—But to answer your question: The bank of Genoa had agreed, at an excessive interest, and on good security, to advance the king of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast armada; of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well inform'd, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary, to consult the merchants of this loyal city; who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence, if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. 'Tis done; the state and bank of Genoa, having maturely weigh'd, and rightly judg'd of their

true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London to that of the monarch who proudly styles himself king of both Indies.

Tr. Happy success of prudent counsels! What an expence of blood and treasure is here saved!—Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

Tho. Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen's bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge 'em. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

[Exit Trueman.]

Enter Maria.

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavour'd not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-tim'd parsimony.

Tho. Nay, 'twas a needless caution: I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Ma. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation; I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Tho. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulg'd.

Ma. Company will but increase it: I wish you would dispense with my absence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

Tho. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company; whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality who chuses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Tho. Come, come, Maria; I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had depriv'd me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Ma. Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her;

for generous minds know no pleasure in society, but where 'tis mutual.

Tbo. Thou knowest I have no heir, no child, but thee; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine. Now it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you will bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you; but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that, by observation, I should learn which way your inclination tends; for, as I know love to be essential to happiness in the marriage state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Ma. What can I say! How shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon even in the best of parents! But you are without example; yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Tbo. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias, in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Ma. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but, I find, high birth and titles don't recommend the man who owns them to my affections.

Tbo. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Ma. I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority. And as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty.—Sir, have I your permission to retire?

Tbo. I'll see you to your chamber. *[Exit.*

SCENE, a Room in Millwood's House.

Enter Millwood and Lucy.

Mil. How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lu. Oh, killingly, Madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible!—But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mil. A conquest would be new, indeed!

Lu. Not to you, who make 'em every day—but to me—Well! 'tis what I'm never to expect—unfortunate as I am;—But your wit and beauty—

Mil. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us; we are no otherwise esteem'd or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lu. You are certainly, Madam, on the wrong side in this argument. Is not the expence all theirs? And, I am sure, it is our own fault if we haven't our share of the pleasure.

Mil. We are but slaves to men.

Lu. Nay, 'tis they that are slaves, most certainly, for we lay them under contribution.

Mil. Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves: all is the victor's.

Lu. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, Madam.

Mil. I would have my conquests complete, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemn'd the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lu. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government: I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mil. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: And yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinion? Then is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex; who, having never injured women, apprehend no injury from them.

Lu. Ay, they must be young indeed!

Mil. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I have passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lu. Is he handsome?

Mil. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

Lu. About—

Mil. Eighteen.

Lu. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen! You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mil. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, ask'd his name. He blush'd; and, bowing very low, answer'd, George Barnwell. I begg'd his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wish'd to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house. He swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. *[Knocking at the door.]* Somebody knocks—Dye hear; I am at home to nobody to-day but him. *[Exit Lucy.]* Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—What manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first. I'll e'en trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters.

Enter Barnwell, bowing very low, Lucy at a Distance.

Mil. Sir, the surprize and joy!—

Barn. Madam!

Mil. This is such a favour!— *[Advances.]*

Barn. Pardon me, Madam!

Mil. So unhop'd for! *[Still advances.]*

[Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion.]
To see you here—Excuse the confusion—

Barn. I fear I am too bold.—

Mil. Alas, Sir, I may justly apprehend you think me so. Pleafc, Sir, to fit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprized at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I promised to come.

Mil. That is the more surprizing; few men are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All, who are honest, are.

Mil. To one another; but we simple women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in their remembrance.

[*Laying her hand on his, as by accident.*]

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heav'ns! how she trembles! What can this mean? [*Aside.*]

Mil. The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject. I have none that I would conceal.

Mil. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mil. What, then, are your thoughts of love?

Barn. If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I don't know that person in the world, whose happiness I don't wish, and wouldn't promote were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my uncle, and my master; but above all, my friend.

Mil. You have a friend, then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mil. He is, no doubt, often blest'd with your company and conversation.

Barn. We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mil. Happy, happy youth! Whoe'er thou art, I envy thee. What have I lost, by being form'd a woman! I hate my sex, my self. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it is: but as it is—Oh!—

Barn. I never observ'd woman before; or this is, sure, the most beautiful of her sex. [*Aside.*] You seem disorder'd, Madam—May I know the cause?

Mil. Do not ask me—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible. I would be a servant, bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are! And the effect they have on me is strange. I feel desires I never knew before. I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Aside.*] Madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mil. You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mil. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepar'd a poor supper, at which I promis'd myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour you designed me: but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong

him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mil. Am I refus'd by the first man, the second favour I ever stoop'd to ask? Go, then, thou proud, hard-hearted youth; but know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do! How shall I go, or stay!

Mil. Yet do not, do not leave me! I with my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her, then? Oh, never, never!—Madam, dry up your tears: you shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

Lu. So! she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship or myself.

Mil. Now you are kind, indeed! but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lu. Serve him still! Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*]

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mil. Come, Sir, you'll excuse all defects. My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment. [*Exeunt Barn. and Mil.*]

Blunt. What! is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

Lu. So it seems.

Blunt. How! is our mistress turned fool at last! She's in love with him, I suppose.

Lu. I suppose not. But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be suppos'd to have much money.

Lu. But his master has; and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lu. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes; so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lu. Why, birds are their prey, and men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, will never be the case of our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lu. There's no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lu. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true

the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. Oh, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon't!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Barnwell and Millwood at Supper. An Entertainment of Music and Singing. After which they come forward.*

Barn. What can I answer? All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mil. We are both so; and yet the fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present anguish, by plunging into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

Mil. I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great; if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The law of heav'n will not be revers'd, and that requires us to govern our passions.

Mil. To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us?

Barn. To hear you talk, though in the cause of vice; to gaze upon your beauty, and press your hand, inflames my wishes; my pulse beats high, and I am on the rack of wild desire.——Yet, for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

Mil. Chimeras all!

Barn. I would not——yet must on——

Mil. Along with me, and prove

No joys like womankind, no heav'n like love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Room in Thorewood's House.*

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. **H**OW strange are all things round me! Like some thief, who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust——A thief!——Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Though hypocrisy may awhile conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal 'em. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate, he wandered; and, while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter Trueman.

Tr. Barnwell, Oh, how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master, and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often enquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! His officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul.

[*Aside.*]

Tr. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are below'd. But, why thus cool and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away; why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done; and

why are you thus chang'd? for I am still the same;

Barn. What have I done, indeed! [*Aside.*]

Tr. Not speak!——nor look upon me!

Barn. By my face he would discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him.

[*Aside.*]

Tr. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found to loving; whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breath but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

Tr. Heavy they look, indeed, and swollen with tears;—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone, you have no interest in them; nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

Tr. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it; e'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

Tr. Sure I but dream! Without a cause would Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavour to follow your advice. [*Going.*] Yet stay; perhaps I am too rash; and angry, when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him, too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act! 'Tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men.

Tr. I am to blame; pry'thee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself. My friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast; Oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable! [*Aside.*]

Tr. Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

Tr. 'Tis strange——but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

Tr. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. It's a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am your's. *[Embracing.]*

Tr. Be ever so, and may heaven restore your peace! But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares.—Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. *[Exit Trueman.]* I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? Shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such a boundless passion! Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How, then, can I determine!

Enter Thorowgood.

Tho. Without a cause assign'd, or notice given, to absent yourself last night, was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has overcome me. *[Aside.]* Oh, Sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Tho. Enough, enough, whatever it be; this concern shews you're convinc'd, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! Some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into.

Barn. It will be known; and you'll recal your pardon, and abhor me. *[Aside.]*

Tho. I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my knees, confess—

Tho. Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Tho. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended. Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. *[Exit Thorowgood.]*

Barn. Villain! Villain! Villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly?—Derecited thought!—But what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her;—I give her up.—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked for generosity has saved me from destruction. *[Going.]*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be. *[Aside.]* Tell them I'll wait upon 'em.

[Exit Footman.] Methinks I dread to see 'em.—Now every thing alarms me.—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me!

SCENE, another Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Millwood, Lucy, and a Footman.

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mil. 'Tis very well.—I thank you. *[Exit Foot.]*

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. Confusion! Millwood!

Mil. That angry look tells me, that here I am an unwelcome guest; I feared as much; the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mil. Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mil. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit, and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mil. I never shall trouble you more. I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate: I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left: one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mil. It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you! No; I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just—'tis necessary—I have well weigh'd, and found it so.

Lu. I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. *[Aside.]*

Barn. Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mil. Confusion!

Lu. Ay, we are all out! this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must then play the scene betwixt themselves. *[Aside.]*

Mil. 'Twas some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but to find you had resolved to cast me off—This, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mil. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

Mil. Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deform'd or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment? Nay, look again; am I not the whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex; whose hand, trembling with ecstasy, you pressed and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gazed with such delight, as if desire increased by being fed?

Barn. No more; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mil. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mil. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mil. If it be painful to part, then I may hope, at least, you do not hate me?

Mil. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do—I do—Indeed, I do.

Mil. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

Mil. You may judge an embrace at parting too
 Eat a favour—though it would be the last. [*He
 draws back.*] A look shall then suffice—Farewel
 —for ever. [*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

Barn. If to resolve to suffer, be to conquer—I
 have conquer'd.—Painful victory!

Re-enter Millwood and Lucy.

Mil. One thing I had forgot;—I never must
 return to my own house again. This I thought
 proper to let you know, lest your mind should
 change, and you should seek in vain to find me
 there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only
 came to give you this caution, and that, perhaps,
 was needless.

Barn. I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must
 thank you for it.

Mil. My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now I
 am gone for ever. [*Going.*]

Barn. One thing more—Sure there's no dan-
 ger in my knowing where you go? If you think
 otherwise—

Mil. Alas!

[*Weeping.*]

Lu. We are right, I find; that's my cue. [*Aside.*]
 Ah, dear Sir, she's going she knows not whither;
 but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well;
 why will you thus expose yourself to needless
 troubles?

Lu. Nay, there's no help for it: she must quit
 the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon
 as possible. It was no small matter, you may be
 sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mil. No more, my friend; since he for whose
 dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer,
 is kind and pities me; where'er I wander, through
 wilds and deserts, benighted and forlorn, that
 thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake!—Oh, tell me how! which
 way am I to eurs'd, to bring such ruin on thee?

Mil. No matter; I am contented with my lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this uncertainty.

Mil. I have said too much.

Barn. How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

Mil. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lu. Well, well, Sir, if she won't satisfy you, I
 will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mil. Remember, Sir, that I desired you not to
 hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lu. Why, you must know, my lady here was an
 only child; and her parents dying while she was
 young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable
 one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who
 has a good estate of his own.

Mil. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough;
 but what are riches when compar'd to love?

Lu. For a while he perform'd the office of a faith-
 ful guardian, settled her in a house, hir'd her ser-
 vants—But you have seen in what manner she
 liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

Mil. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

Lu. All things went on as one could wish; till
 some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in
 love with his charge, and would fain have marry'd
 her. Now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a
 good personable sort of a man; but I don't know
 how it was, she could never endure him. In short,

her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought her
 in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes
 her debtor to him—

Mil. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to
 ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had
 stripp'd of all before.

Lu. Now, she having neither money nor friend,
 except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he
 compell'd her to pass his account, and give bond for
 the sum he demanded; but still provided hand-
 somely for her, and continued his courtship, till
 being inform'd by his spies (truly I suspect some in
 her own family) that you were entertain'd at her
 house, and staid with her all night, he came this
 morning raving and storming like a madman, talks
 no more of marriage, (so there's no hope of making
 up matters that way) but vows her ruin, unless
 she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes
 she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in
 another's arms?

Mil. He gave me but an hour to resolve in; that's
 happily spent with you—And now I go—

Barn. To be expos'd to all the rigours of the
 various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and
 winter's cold; unhoused, to wander, friendless,
 through the inhospitable world, in misery and
 want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued
 by malice and revenge. Wouldst thou endure all
 this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to
 prevent it?

Lu. 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found
 out.

Barn. Oh, where are all my resolutions now?

Lu. Now I advis'd her, Sir, to comply with the
 gentleman.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather pe-
 rish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by
 him. I will, myself, prevent her ruin, though
 with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return
 immediately. [*Exit Barnwell.*]

Lu. 'Twas well you came; or, by what I can per-
 ceive, you had lost him.

Mil. That, I must confess, was a danger I did not
 foresee; I was only afraid he should come without
 money. You know, a house of entertainment,
 like mine, is not kept without expence.

Lu. That's very true; but then you should be
 reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage
 a young man.

Mil. Leave that to me.

Re-enter Barnwell, with a Bag of Money.

Barn. What am I about to do?—Now you,
 who boast your reason all-sufficient, suppose your-
 selves in my condition, and determine for me;
 whether 'tis right to let her suffer for my faults, or,
 by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill
 effects of what is past.

Lu. These young sinners think every thing in
 the ways of wickedness so strange!—But I could
 tell him, that this is nothing but what's very com-
 mon; for one vice as naturally begets another, as
 a father a son. But he'll find out that himself, if
 he lives long enough. [*Aside.*]

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your
 deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace
 and safety.

Mil. So, I may hope to see you there again?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly; lest, in the ag-
 onies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine
 to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mil. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my fate, my heaven or my hell;

only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

What have I done? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made? Why, then, has Heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives.—But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why:

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, a Room in Thorowgood's House.

Thorowgood and Trueman discovered (*with Account-Books*) sitting at a Table.

Thor. WELL, I have examin'd your accounts; they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? He does not use to be the last on these occasions.

Tr. Upon receiving your orders he retir'd, I thought, in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

Thor. I'm now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return I expect to find him ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria with a Book. Sits and reads.

Ma. How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspir'd with love of that, fix'd and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing. Such souls are rais'd above the sense of pain, or so supported that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty; whose mind, weaken'd and dissolved by the last passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own desires.—What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?

Enter Trueman.

Tr. Oh, Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how art thou fallen!

Ma. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak! say, what of Barnwell?

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've news to tell of him, that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

Ma. Defend us, Heaven!

Tr. I cannot speak it. See there.

[*Trueman gives a letter; Maria reads.*]

I know my absence will surprise my honour'd master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand, that the reason of my withdrawing, is, my having embazled part of the cash with which I was trust'd. After this, 'tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known by examining my accounts, yet to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

George Barnwell.

Tr. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a

higher sense of virtue. Justly he thought; and as he thought he practis'd; never was life more regular than his. An understanding uncommon at his years; an open, generous manliness of temper; his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Ma. This, and much more, you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

Tr. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See, the fairest, happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor, ruin'd Barnwell!

Ma. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Ma. Is there no means yet to preserve him?

Tr. Oh, that there were! but few men recover their reputation lost, a merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd master in the face.

Ma. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

Tr. That's impossible.

Ma. What's the sum?

Tr. 'Tis considerable; I've mark'd it here, to shew it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Ma. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

Tr. Nothing more easy. But can you intend it? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh, 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's! Sure Heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

Tr. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Ma. In attempting to save from shame one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to Heaven and you, the only witnesses of this action, I appeal, whether I do any thing misbecoming my sex and character.

Tr. Earth must approve the deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Ma. If Heaven succeeds it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest breath: and therefore, as this must be a secret from my father and the world, for Barnwell's sake; for mine, let it be so to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Room in Millwood's House.

Enter Lucy and Blunt.

Lu. Well, what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

Blunt. I own it is surprizing. I don't know which to admire most, her feigned or his real passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her. But his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lu. No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he don't want understanding. But you men are much easier imposed on in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all as much

in love with me as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And, all circumstances consider'd, to make as much money of him too?

Lu. I can't answer for that. Her artifice, in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems by which she has obliged him to continue that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money was his master's.

Lu. There was the difficulty of it. Had it been his own, it had been nothing. Were the world his, she might have it for a smile. But those golden days are done; he's ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there, are at an end.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lu. Being call'd by his master to make up his accounts, he was forc'd to quit his house and service; and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before: how did she receive him?

Lu. As you would expect. She wonder'd what he meant; was astonish'd at his impudence; and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lu. He grieved; and at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making towards the door, shew'd a sum of money which he had brought from his master's, the last he is ever likely to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood?

Lu. Ay, she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling; hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest. The amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lu. But what ensued was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconciliation, ever increase love where the passion is sincere, so in him it caus'd so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature seem'd sinking with the weight, and his charm'd soul dispos'd to quit his breast for hers. Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood, prevail'd upon the wretched youth to promise——what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amaz'd! What can it be?

Lu. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of, as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character, in the country where he lives!

Lu. The same. She was no sooner possess'd of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice. Barnwell's near relation! whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an act like that? He is by nature honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous.

Lu. 'Tis true, at the naming of the murder of his uncle, he started into rage; and, breaking from her arms, (where she till then had held him with

well-dissembled love, and false endearments) call'd her cruel, monster, devil! and told her she was born for his destruction. She thought it not for her purpose to meet his rage with her rage, but affected a most passionate fit of grief, railed at her fate, and curs'd her wayward stars, that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds as she must needs abhor as well as he. She told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant, in her necessity, to forsake her. Then she kneel'd, and swore, that since by his refusal he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more, unless, to prove it true, he robb'd his uncle to supply her wants, and murder'd him to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonish'd! What said he?

Lu. Speechless he stood; but in his face you might have read, that various passions tore his very soul. Oft he in anguish threw his eyes towards heaven, then wept and groan'd, and beat his troubled breast; at length, with horror not to be express'd, he cry'd, Thou curst fair, have I not given dreadful proofs of love? What drew me from my youthful innocence, and stain'd my then unspotted soul, but love? What caus'd me to rob my worthy, gentle master, but curst love! What makes me now a fugitive from his service, loath'd by myself, and scorn'd by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture never felt on this side death before? Why love, love, love! And why, above all, do I resolve (for, tearing his hair, he cried, I do resolve) to kill my uncle?

Blunt. Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

Lu. Yes——with joy, that she had gain'd her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and escapes, there's more money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

Lu. If we don't use our endeavours to prevent the murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I am afraid it is too late.

Lu. Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already. I did not think her or myself so wicked, as I find, upon reflection, we are.

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have been all too much so. But there is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that; I would not be involv'd in the guilt of it for all the world.

Lu. Nor I, Heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way that to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this curst design?

Blunt. With all my heart. He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law and reason is a murderer.

Lu. Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, a Walk, at some Distance from a Country-Seat.

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day. Either the sun has slipp'd behind a cloud, or journey's down the west of heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doom'd to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd design,

where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle! my father's only brother—and, since his death, has been to me a father; that took me up an infant and an orphan, rear'd me with tenderest care, and still indulg'd me with most paternal fondness? Yet here I stand his destin'd murderer—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety—'Tis yet unperform'd—What if I quit my bloody purpose, and fly the place? [*Going, then stops.*]—But whither, oh, whither shall I fly? My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money Millwood will never see me more; and she has got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway, that life is not to be endured without her. Ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow: 'tis more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh, conscience! feeble guide to virtue! thou only shew'st us when we go astray, but wastest power to stop us in our course!—Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle—He's alone—Now for my disguise. [*Plucks out a vizor.*]—This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven; while I—But what have I to do with heaven? Ha! no struggles, conscience—

Hence, hence remorse, and every thought that's good;

The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the vizor, draws a pistol, and exits.*]

SCENE, a close Walk in a Wood.

Enter Uncle.

Uncle. If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurk'd unseen, or death were nigh. A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits. My imagination is fill'd with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies chang'd by death; when the pale lengthen'd visage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the musing soul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion.—I will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future self; how does each inordinate passion and desire cease, or sicken at the view! The mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps slowly through the veins: fix'd still, and motionless we stand; so like the solemn object of our thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter; till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on enquiry.

Enter George Barnwell, at a Distance.

Oh, Death! thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, the returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

[*During this speech Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again.*]

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible!

[*Throwing down the pistol.*]

Uncle. A man so near me! arm'd and mask'd—

Barn. Nay, then there's no retreat.

[*Plucks a poignard from his bosom, and stabs him.*]

Uncle. Oh, I am slain! All gracious Heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant; bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[*Barnwell throws off his mask; runs to him; and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.*]

Barn. Expiring faint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer!—Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me!—Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die!—By Heaven, he weeps, in pity of my woes!—Tears, tears, for blood!—The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer—Oh, speak your pious purpose; pronounce my pardon, then, and take me with you!—He would, but cannot—Oh, why, with such fond affection, do you press my murdering hand?—[*Uncle sighs, and dies.*] Life, that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired. He's gone for ever—[*Swoons away.*] Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air? Let Heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murdered faint, and me the murderer; and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike, and end my wretched being—Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.

Oh, may it ever stand alone accurst!

The last of murders, as it is the worst.



A C T IV.

SCENE, a Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Maria, meeting Trueman.

Ma. WHAT news of Barnwell?

Tr. None; I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Ma. Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

Tr. All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should. But his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father is wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make for Barnwell, yet I am afraid he regards 'em only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Enter Thorowgood and Lucy.

Thor. This woman, here, has given me a sad, and, bating some circumstances, too probable an account of Barnwell's defection.

Lu. I am sorry, Sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life, should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me at several times, of considerable sums of money. Now as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation; too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Ma. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indispos'd that I must retire. Poor ruin'd Barnwell! Wretched, lost Maria! [*Aside. Exit Maria.*]

Thor. How I am distressed on every side? Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then, my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life!—Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss—Oh, Trueman, this person informs

me that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

Tr. Oh, execrable deed! I am blasted with the horror of the thought!

Lu. This delay may ruin all.

Tbor. What to do or think, I know not. That he ever wrong'd me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my hope.

Tr. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true, than lose a moment's time. Even now the horrid deed may be doing—dreadful imagination!—or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Tbor. This earnestness convinces me, that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What, ho! without there, who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare to set out with speed; an affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance. Return, and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] Trueman, you, I am sure, will not be idle on this occasion.

[*Exit Thorowgood.*]

Tr. He, only, who is a friend, can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Millwood's House.

Enter Millwood.

Mill. I wish I knew the event of his design. The attempt without success would ruin him. Well; what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, through pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done; then, and then only, I shall be secure—Or what if he returns without attempting it at all!—

Enter Barnwell bloody.

But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody hands shew he has done the deed, but shew he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly, to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mil. Dismiss your fears: though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being entered here, you are as safe as innocence. I have a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you, if any danger's near.

Barn. Oh, hide me—from myself, if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er dawn'd, 'twere all in vain. For, oh! that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder, and execute me with never-ending torments. Behold these hands, all crimson'd o'er with my dear uncle's blood. Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue!

Mil. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow; or, what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Tho' to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing eye?

Mil. No more of this stuff. What advantage have you made of his death; or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure, which, no doubt, were about him? What gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh, had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer; (alas, alas! he knew not then, that his nephew was his murderer!) how would you have wish'd, as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour. But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor could I, to have gained the empire of the world, have violated, by theft, his sacred corpse.

Mil. Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation, nay, my life, to entertain you?

Barn. Oh, Millwood!—this from thee?—But I have done. If you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for, oh, 'tis sure, my grief will quickly end me.

Mil. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin. We are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both—Then, to preserve myself—[*Pauses.*]—There is no other way—'Tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice—It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a bell.*]

Enter a Servant. Fetch me an officer, and seize this villain. He has confess'd himself a murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.*]

Barn. Oh, Millwood! sure you do not, you cannot mean it. Stop the messenger; upon my knees, I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mil. Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death; justly to fall, unpitied, and abhorred? This I could bear, nay, wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter Blunt, Officer, and Attendants.

Mil. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! Here, Sir, take this youth into your custody; I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge. [*They seize him.*]

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her. The hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide. Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair: Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair: By my example learn to shun my fate: (How wretched is the man who's wife too late!) Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost, Here purchase wisdom, cheaply, at my cost.

[*Exit Barnwell, Officer, and Attendants.*]

Mil. Where's Lucy? Why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too! Lucy will soon be here: and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mil. Insolent! This to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is,

that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.

[Exit Blunt.]

Mil. They disapprove of my conduct then—My ruin is resolved.—I see my danger, but scorn both it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments.

[Going.]

Enter Thorowgood.

Tbo. Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mil. What means this insolence? Whom do you seek?

Tbo. Millwood.

Mil. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Tbo. Then you are the most impious wretch that ever the sun beheld.

Mil. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Tbo. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mil. Then you are master to a villain; which, I think, is not much to your credit.

Tbo. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blush'd to own him.

Mil. My arts! I don't understand you, Sir; if he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Tbo. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arriv'd to such a height of wickedness! Know, forceress, I'm not ignorant of any of the arts by which you first deceived the wretched youth. I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act; which you contrived, and by your cursed wiles even forced him to commit.

Mil. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [Aside.]

Tbo. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is compared to you, must suffer too.

Mil. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprized at such ill treatment without cause from a gentleman of your appearance; and therefore too hastily returned it: for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and some way or other accessory to his undoing.

Tbo. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of his guilt, and all his suffering; of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and sorrows together.

Mil. 'Tis very strange! But who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true I have a servant, on whose account he has of late frequented my house. If she has abused the good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Tbo. I hear you; pray go on.

Mil. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him: but, till now, I al-

ways thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now, who can tell but she might have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder to supply her extravagancies.—It must be so. I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it. I'll have her, and a man servant whom I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed. [Offers to go.]

Tbo. Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mil. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, Sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Tbo. I do—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mil. That which you call betraying him may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though he contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

Tbo. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares! Even I, that with just prejudice came prepared, had by her artful story been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible! [Aside.] Those whom subtly you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and, which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

Mil. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections. [Exit Millwood.]

Enter Lucy, Trueman, Blunt, Officers, &c.

Lu. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way, [To Thorowgood.] and note her behaviour. I have observed her; she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter Millwood with a pistol, Trueman secures her.

Tr. Here thy power of doing mischief ends; deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

Mil. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man! thou canst not call me that.

Tr. To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

Mil. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Tbo. Think not, by aggravating the faults of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mil. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of 'em ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdain'd, and yet disdain'd, dependance and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secured the worst of men from both. I found it, therefore, necessary to be rich, and to that end I summoned all my arts. You call 'em wicked, be it so; they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

Tho. Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee: and would I—

Mill. Men of all degrees, and all professions, I have known; yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike wicked, to the utmost of their power. I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you do every day. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour; the instrument and screen of all your villainies? By them you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted had you been in their circumstances. The judge who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on, deceiving and being deceived, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
With cruel arts you labour to destroy:
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.
Oh, may from hence each violated maid,
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd,
When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,
From your destruction raise a nobler name;
To avenge their sex's wrongs devote their mind;
And future Millwoods prove to plague mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, a Dungeon, a Table, and a Lamp;
Barnwell reading.

Enter Thorowgood at a Distance.

Tho. **T**HERE see the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged; severe reflections, penitence, and tears.

Barn. My honoured, injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect. Indeed I saw you not.

Tho. 'Tis well; I hope you are better employed, in viewing of yourself; I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable: and that 'tis not my interest only, but my duty, to believe and to rejoice in my hope. So shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

Tho. Proceed.

Barn. 'Tis wonderful that words should charm despair, speak peace, and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Tho. These are the genuine signs of true repentance; the only preparatory, the certain way to everlasting peace.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness! But though I cannot, heaven can and will reward you.

Tho. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewel.—Heaven strengthen thee:—Farewel.

Barn. Oh, Sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Tho. Give it vent awhile, and try.

Barn. I had a friend—'tis true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous example might persuade—Could I not see him once, before I go from whence there's no return?

Tho. He's coming, and as much thy friend as ever. I will not anticipate his sorrow; too soon he'll see the sad effect of this contagious ruin: This torrent of domestic misery bears too hard upon me. I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] Much loved—and much lamented youth!—Farewel.—Heaven strengthen thee.—Eternally farewell.

Barn. The best of masters and of men—Farewel. While I live, let me not want your prayers.

Tho. Thou shalt not. Thy peace being made with heaven, death is already vanquished. Bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever. [*Exit Thorowgood.*]

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a power within, that beats my soul above the fears of death; and, spite of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Enter Trueman and Keeper.

Keep. Sir, there's the prisoner. [*Exit Keeper.*]

Barn. Trueman!—My friend, whom I so wished to see! yet now he's here, I dare not look upon him. [*Weeps.*]

Tr. Oh, Barnwell! Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious heaven! For death, but not for this, I was prepared.

Tr. What have I suffered since I saw thee last! What pain has absence given me!—But, oh, to see thee thus!

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul:—But I was born to murder all who love me. [*Both weep.*]

Tr. I came not to reproach you; I thought to bring you comfort; but I'm deceived, for I have none to give. I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My sense of guilt, indeed, you cannot know; 'tis what the good and innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive: but other griefs at present I have none, but what I feel for you. In your sorrow I read you love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I consider what I am.

Tr. No more of that; I can remember nothing but thy virtues; thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state, and present misery. Oh, had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas! thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had he insisted on my murdering thee—I think—I should have done it.

Tr. Pr'ythee aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

Tr. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so soothe my just remorse.

Are these honest arms and faithful bosom fit to embrace and to support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me; [*browning himself on the ground.*] Even these too good for such a bloody monster.

Tr. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Here will we offer to stern calamity; this place the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault; our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the anguish that you promised? You've taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow can't approach me while I am here. Oh, take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty power! how hast thou made us capable to bear at once the extremes of pleasure and of pain?

Enter Keeper.

Kep. Sir.

Tr. I come.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Barn. Must you leave me? Death would soon have parted us for ever.

Tr. Oh, my Barnwell! there's yet another task behind. Again your heart must bleed for others' woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on earth. What is there more for me to do, or suffer?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known! Maria—

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter?

Tr. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that maid! Preserve her, heaven, from every ill, to shew mankind that goodness is your care!

Tr. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reached her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. This is, indeed, the bitterness of death.

[*Aside.*]

Tr. You must remember (for we all observed it) in some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown; till, hearing of your sinful fate, the long-sifted flame blaz'd out; and the transport of her grief discovered her own lost love, while she lamented yours.

Barn. Why did you not let me die, and never know it?

Tr. It was impossible. She makes no secret of her passion for you; she is determined to see you ere she die, and waits for me to introduce her.

[*Exit Trueman.*]

Barn. Vain, busy thoughts, be still! What avails me to think on what I might have been? I now am—
that I've made myself.

Enter Trueman and Maria.

Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal place. This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here high justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to a shameful death.

Ma. To this sad place, then, no improper guest,

the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and sees the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind.

Barn. Just heaven! I am your own; do with me what you please.

Ma. Why are your streaming eyes still fix'd below, as though thou'dst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due? Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh, say not so! but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate. Consider what you are. Bless with your charms some honourable lord. So shall I quickly be to you—as though I had never been.

Ma. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women like Millwood, if there are more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

Tr. Lovely, ill-fated maid!

Barn. Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smiled, and when my youthful hopes were at the highest; if then to have raised my thoughts to you, had been presumption in me never to have been pardoned, think how much beneath yourself you condescend to regard me now.

Ma. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death?—from such a death?—
Oh, sorrow insupportable!

Barn. Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes. [*Bell tolls.*] I am summoned to my fate.

Enter Keeper.

Kep. Sir, the officers attend you. Millwood is already summoned.

Barn. Tell 'em, I'm ready. And now, my friend, farewell. [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort, the best you can, this mourning fair—No more.—Forget not to pray for me. [*Turning to Maria.*] Would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine. [*She inclines towards him; they embrace.*] Exalted goodness! Oh, turn your eyes from earth and me, to heaven; where virtue like yours is ever heard. Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon I reached the summit. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.

If any youth, like you, in future times
Shall mourn my fate, tho' he abhors my crimes;
Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear;
To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart,
Would gracious heaven this benefit impart!—
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain.
Then must you own, you ought not to complain;
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Officers.*]

Tr. In vain,
With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we show
A humane, gen'rous sense, of others' woe;
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And, by avoiding that—prevent our own.

CHORCE BARWILL

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3